

### Another New Store for Torrance

We will open another new store in the new building that is under construction in the rear of our Sample Store, about April 1st. This will be a combination of a retail and wholesale store and will also be used partly for a stock room for the carrying of surplus stocks for our other stores. As there will be hardly any overhead to this new venture the prices will be lower than ever and it will give us about 50% more selling floor space in all. Our way of buying forces us to buy entire stocks and then resell some to other dealers. YOU HAVE SEEN NOTHING YET. We are prepared to risk our money on the building up of a permanent trading center for Torrance. All we ask of you, don't tie yourself down with an overload of payment plan dry goods, shoes and clothing.

We may be able to knock OLD MAN HIGH PRICE out of Torrance forever.

WAIT AND SEE.

### THE SAMPLE STORE

Redondo Hawkins & Oberg Torrance

### Walteria Given Glad Hand Here

Council Introduces Move to Take in Area and Gives Welcome

The second step in the process of taking Walteria into the city of Torrance was taken Tuesday night, when the Council canvassed the vote of the annexation election and introduced an ordinance admitting the territory. The district will not become an official part of Torrance until a sixty day period has elapsed.

At the behest of J. C. Smith and George Proctor the council directed City Clerk Bartlett to write a letter of welcome to Walterians.

Mrs. E. R. Gerhart chaperoned a party of girls at the dance in Long Beach Saturday evening. In the party were Misses May and Sara Savare, Misses Corn and Nellie Gerhart, Miss Lulu Stickney and Miss Louise Fanning.

Read Our Want Ads!

### The Road from Satcoy to Kemp A Trip Up the Valley of Death

By W. HAROLD KINGSLEY

It is a lovely morning. The gold-on-sun is warm with energy. The highway curves ahead through the green and brown hills like a ribbon of black silk.

One exults with the sheer joy of living, the satisfaction in answering the call of the open road. It is a lovely morning.

Ahead a truck, loaded high with boxes. Conversation, exultation at the vibrant morning cease.

The truck is loaded with coffins. This is on the road that leads to ruin—the road in Satcoy.

Credentialed carry us over the bridge, the only bridge standing between Castaic and the sea. We head north for Santa Paula. On the right a river bed, gleaming with light yellow sand, through the middle of which trickles a meager stream. It looks like the Los Angeles river bed—and yet four days before it was a fruitful valley, green with bearing trees, dotted with cozy cottages, a garden spot where men lived and loved and worked. Today it is a yellow river bed.

Down the hill southward from the main street of Santa Paula—down to the floor of the valley.

Chaos. Ruin. The poignant melancholy which ever oppresses a once pulsating community that has died. Houses lie in grotesque positions, empty houses, dead homes.

It is strangely quiet—as though some dark angel had whispered an admonition for men and nature to be hushed.

A melancholy breeze stirs. Through the dark green boughs of a group of firs it soughs a requiem. One speaks—and to his own surprise his voice is low, like that of a mourner beside the bier of a departed lover.

A foundation stands. The house, the home that rested confidently upon this concrete base has gone, swept away by angry waters. Plumbing pipes are tangled. Inside an automobile top, half imbedded in the mud, lets loose a tattered bit of black covering to flap idly in the breeze. The house has gone, but in what once was a lovingly cared for front yard there blooms a rose—a single rose, left by the flood to mark the spot where once a family lived.

Deeper into the valley. Stark houses scattered all about. On the ground dried mud. Out of the mud bits of what once were household articles and utensils used by men and women in vibrant homes. A direction sign pointing to some subdivision crazily directs you nowhere. In the distance tractors burr—dragging great tree trunks from a pile of debris. The search for bodies still goes on.

THOSE houses! Is there anything quite so drear as a dead home—a house from whence men and women and children have departed—a skeleton without a soul, a house without a mortal?

We enter one. There is mud on the floor six inches deep. The scent is unnatural—like that inside a tomb. Here was life. Here now is a sepulchre. In the center of the floor, broken, stands a lamp. A way between the ceiling and the floor wall-paper loosened by doves lace curtains are reminiscent of some woman who adorned her dwelling with her hands. They hang now brown and discolored. From the mud protrudes a baby's shoe. On a nail hangs a woman's vanity case. How strangely out of place it seems.

OUTSIDE in the mud, some partly buried, some wrecked, some whole, some tangled in other debris—mattresses, bedclothes, a phonograph, a saddle, pillows, a broken chair, an automobile with wheels pointing crazily to the sky, a child's hat. Thrown in confusion, mixed in the mud scattered all over the floor of the valley all the household articles of a once prosperous district—intimate objects of home life strewn indecently before the public eye. That lump in your throat cannot be swallowed.

A LARGE pile of debris. Splintered boards, painted on one side, a gas stove, clothing, a little girl's coat, a teakettle. The whole house, contents and all piled up and held together in a conglomeration of mass, as though all had been thrown into some gigantic mixer with mud, thoroughly churned and then spewed out in a pile.

SHE wanders aimlessly about the pile, her weary eyes seeing what is close at hand but seeming to look far away into great distances. Her shoulders stoop. On her face the expression of one who is immeasurably tired. Without looking into our eyes she says, "This was my home. It was a nice little house. This is it here, this big pile."

"It is not easy," she continues in a monotonous, lifeless voice. "Nine years we put into it and all in one night it went. The trees and the crop are gone. There is no income now. There is nothing. Nine years is a long time, isn't it? It does not seem that it went in one night." She sighs.

"Of course we can be thankful that we were warned. The warning came while I was asleep. I took up my daughter—she is four years old—and started for the hill. I did not know how deep the water would be when the flood came and my little girl had no warm clothes on—just her nightgown. I thought I might have to carry her clear to the mountain top and it was cold so I started back to get some

clothes for her, but the water came before I could get back. Some of the Mexicans could not understand the warning. That was too bad."

MRS. CARRIER—that was her name—dug the toes of her shoe into the mud pile which contained the tangled ruins of her home. Nearly a hen—one lone hen—scratched in the mud for food.

BACK into Santa Paula again—past a church. In front of the church is a bulletin board. On it are the words, "Our debt to the great design is that we weave our faith into the fabric."

IN the city park the Red Cross works. Here volunteers are assigned to duty—serious faces all about. Busy women, the homeless eating meals served on pine-board tables. A tall young man wearing a badge sits on a sack of potatoes, paring his finger nails. Strapped to his thigh is a large automatic. There are looters you know, ghoul.

A group tries to explain to a visitor that the body of his brother may be at Fillmore or Castale or Oxnard. It is not at Santa Paula. Anxious relatives scan a bulletin board which lists the identified and records the names of the missing. It is a ghastly record. The names of nine members of one family are listed in the missing column.

EASTWARD again along the valley. On the floor the river bed again, clean, looking as though it had always been there. Nearer the road a little above the low level of the valley the flood line is seen. On one side of this line the trees are gone. On the other their trunks are twisted with branches and reeds, debris thrown up by the waters. A few feet higher the orchards are untouched. Unless one knew what was in the valley before the flood one could never imagine what had taken place.

AROUND a bend—and devastation. It reminds one of the war—the Argonne. Road out—engineers and workers building it again, tractors lurching crazily, laborers plying picks and shovels. Great trunks of eucalyptus trees, their roots torn from the earth are strewn about. Railroad tracks are

bent and twisted. Here the raging flood turned down the valley and in turning wrought havoc. A hundred feet farther the road is completely gone and traffic farther east is impossible.

A FOREMAN approached us. "How far was Kemp?" we ask. He answers, "Kemp was right there where you are looking. It ain't no more, Kemp is what you see right there." He points.

What we see was as unblemished a river bottom as human eyes ever gazed upon. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a foundation, not a stick remains. It is a town completely gone, wiped off the face of the earth in a single sweep of surging water. One hundred persons who lived in Kemp were killed or are missing.

WE are rather relieved that the road is out beyond Kemp. One gets surfeited gazing on chaos, imagining the events of that terrible night, building pictures of the flood out of its consequences.

Back toward Santa Paula. At a school house relief work is centered. Mexican women with swarms of little children tugging at their skirts peer out of the vents of tents.

Inside the building silent men and women make their way in and out of the morgue.

Back out of the valley of death. The road teams with great trucks loaded with groceries, supplies,

carrying great tractors, pushing in to the flood zone. Is temporary relief needed? You would know it if you made the trip from Satcoy to Kemp.

The million dollars appropriated by the City of Los Angeles is not for relief work. It is to settle damage claims.

There are hundreds of Mrs. Carrriers in that valley. They are homeless, without money, without the bare necessities of life. They are our neighbors.

NARBONNE NOTES  
The date of the Latin Club banquet has been changed to March 26, on account of the girls' playday at Wilmington.

Next Tuesday, Dr. Cook, professor of English at U. S. C. will talk on "Books of 1927-28" at Narbonne. The address will be given at 2:30 under the auspices of the scholarship society.

Wednesday, the 28th, the Mathematics Club will hold a special assembly.

Thursday, March 29, the Scholarship Society will hold a picnic in the hills.

The Lettermen's Club will entertain next Wednesday, March 28 at a banquet in honor of the G. A. A. This big affair is a return courtesy for the annual football banquet.

### Quandt Requests Water Franchise

City Council Refers Matter for Investigation and Report

Charles H. Quandt, whose water company serves a large area in the newly annexed territory of Torrance near the Meadow Park tract formally petitioned the Council Tuesday night for a franchise to lay water lines on streets in two tracts. One includes the Ellinwood ranch and the other a strip east of the Meadow Park tract. Only two streets are dedicated in the territory and Mr. Quandt's company is now serving the area with water. The lines now lie in private property. The council referred the request to the ordinance committee and the city attorney for investigation.

LEG BROKEN  
George Wheeler of Phoenix, Ariz., an old resident of Torrance, is suffering from a broken leg sustained when but a short way from Yuma. Mr. Wheeler was on his way here to visit his daughter, Mrs. M. P. Borgo. He was returned to the Phoenix hospital.



## Grocery Department

"A SAVING WITH EVERY PURCHASE"—It is one thing to have a "Trade Mark" and quite another to live up to the full meaning. The Humpty Dumpty Stores are reliable in every sense of the word. The greatest requisite is honesty and our patrons fully realize we combine with that, quality, service and low prices. The wise and conservative house-wife wants the monthly budget to decrease and at the same time being able to obtain quality and value. So that is why "Humpty Dumpty" is your friend.

### Cookies—Novelty Easter Nests. lb. 30c

(Vanilla Wafer base, covered with marshmallow, with a jelly center topped with shredded coconut. An Easter Special.)

### Eggs! Large, Select, Fresh DOZ. 30c

### Meat Department

"Where Quality Counts"

**Morrell's "Pride" Hams**  
(Half or Whole)  
**lb. 24½c**  
(Skinned or not Skinned)  
(14 to 16 lb. Avgs.)

**Morrell's Pride Bacon**  
(4 to 6 lb. Avgs.)  
(Half or Whole Slab)  
**lb. 37½c**

**Smoked Pienies**  
**lb. 17½c**  
(6 to 8 lb. each)

**Smoked Bacon Squares, lb. 12½c**

**Smoked Boneless Ham Butts**  
**lb. 28½c**

**Heinz Dill Pickles**  
**5c each**  
(They have the flavor)

**Boiling Beef**  
**2 lbs. 25c**

**Choice Eastern Pork (Loins for Roasting)**  
**lb. 21½c**

**Pork Shoulder**  
**lb. 15c and 18c**

**Milk Veal (SHOULDER ROASTS)**  
**lb. 20c and 23c**

**Log and Loin Roasts**  
**lb. 30c and 35c**

**Eastern Bacon (HALF OR WHOLE)**  
**lb. 25c**

**Lard . . . 12½c**

**Compound 10c**

### Fluffo

A Delicate and Sweet Shortening.

**1 lb.—25c**  
**2 lb.—47c**  
**4 lb.—89c**

Satisfactory Results Always.

**BEN-HUR SOAP**

Cost Little, Results Big.

**7 Bars 25c**

1407 Sartori Ave., Torrance

GASTON ARCG      TOM RIDGE

Mgr. Grocery Dept.      Mgr. Meat Dept.

# NOW!

## A Standard Life Insurance Policy for CHILDREN

Mothers! Fathers! A wonderful opportunity to secure a standard, Old Line, Legal Reserve Complete Coverage Life Insurance policy for your children.

### No Age Restriction

This policy is written on Girls the same as Boys. From Birth up.

You need not wait until your children are ten or twelve years old to start their life insurance program.

Cash Value — Loan Value — Paid Up Insurance

Our Company was the first in America to write a Standard policy on children age 10 or under. This Juvenile policy has the regular cash and loan value, paid-up insurance, and extended insurance from the third year on. It is identical in every respect with the type of policy that we place on an adult.

Another benefit which the Juvenile policyholder enjoys is an educational magazine that is sent to him quarterly, covering a wide range of subjects,—vocational advice, health hints, physical culture, articles on the early history of our country, etc.

Also Educational Policies that guarantee the child's education whether Dad lives or not.

## Low Rates

It was not necessary to raise the rates to give this service to children, for the premiums are actually lower than at age 12 and up. You can make it possible for your children to have paid up insurance at an age when most people are just starting.

# Mail This Coupon TODAY!

and we will call at the earliest possible moment. You incur no obligation, and we will be glad of an opportunity to tell you about this unusual life insurance policy for children. If you prefer, phone us at 177.

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Bartlett & Black, Representatives  
National Fidelity Life Ins. Co.,  
Torrance, Calif.

I want to know more about your life insurance policy for children.

I understand that the signing of this coupon does not obligate me in any way, whatever.

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C. H. Mueller  
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